

Our Fourfooted Friends and How We Treat Them

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ANIMAL RESCUE LEAGUE

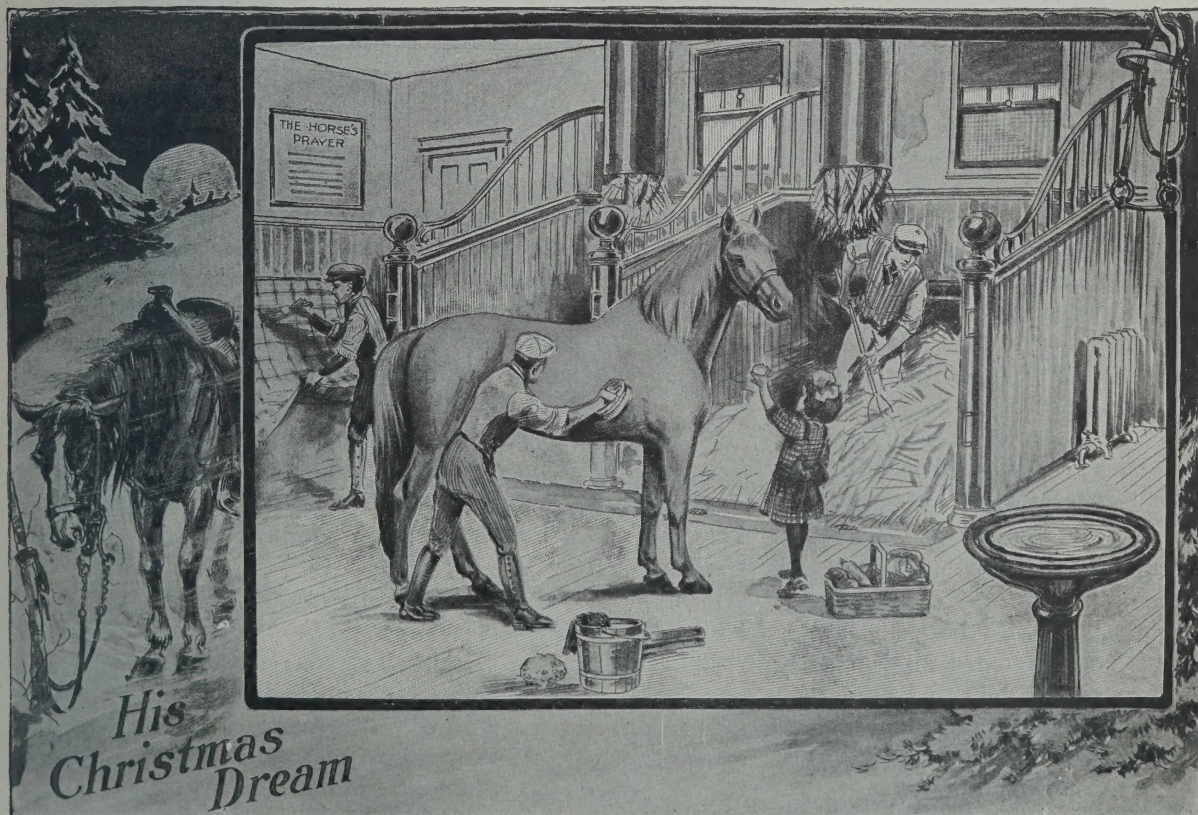
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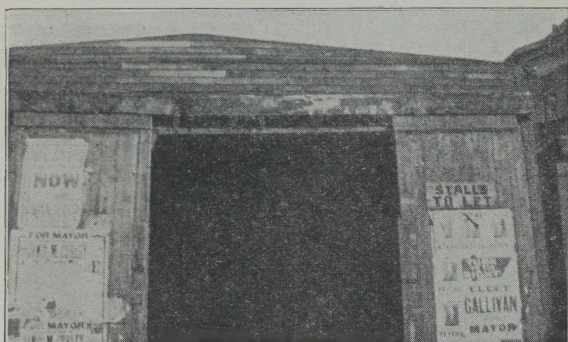
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With the aid of our HORSES' CHRISTMAS FUND and HORSE RESCUE FUND—we make this dream come true to many horses.

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF HUMANE WORK



ONE OF THE BARNs VISITED BY OUR AGENTS CHRISTMAS FORENOON LAST YEAR, WHERE TEN STALLS WERE LET TO PEDLERS.

The Nativity

Where man was all too marred with sin
The Ass, the Ox were bidden in.

Where Angels were unfit to come
These humble entered holydom.

There in the stable with the beast
The Christmas Child hath spread His feast.

These His adorers were before
The Kings and Shepherds thronged the door.

And where no Angels knelt there kneeled
The innocent creatures of the field.

—Katherine Tynan Hinkson.

Christmas for Horses

The appeal which has been sent out for the last nine years by the Animal Rescue League for help to give Christmas cheer to horses has not been a piece of sentiment, or an advertising adventure. It has been a sincere wish to help horses needing our help at a season when everywhere among human beings there are dinners, trees loaded with gifts, and efforts made not to let any man, woman or child suffer for want of at least one good meal.

There are stables in Boston (I have visited them) where horses stand in their narrow stalls

from Christmas eve until the next afternoon or night, no doubt sometimes until another day, without food or water, while the master celebrates his Christmas as he pleases. I shall never forget one dark stable I visited Christmas Day at noon, where there were forty horses standing in narrow stalls, and how eagerly, even ravenously, they ate the four quarts of feed, composed of ground-up carrots and apples, mixed with grain.

On Christmas eve our agents have been through the market district and in other parts of the city where horses belonging to pedlers and expressmen were kept out late on their work, and fed these horses as they stood patiently waiting by the curbstone, then when midnight approached have carried forty or fifty bags of feed to poor stables, and ended Christmas eve where it may well be ended—in a stable.

We want to do the same this year. We want to carry out as many bags of feed as we can furnish, at least 2,500 and carry the tanks of hot coffee and bags of doughnuts for the tired and hungry drivers.

We ask everyone who has any sympathy for the horses that will stand weary and hungry while we are feasting, to send something, if it is only twenty-five cents, to help us give as many of such horses as we can reach on Christmas eve and Christmas forenoon one good and satisfying meal in memory of Him who was born in a stable. The number we can feed depends on the sympathy and generosity of the public. If more money is sent in than we need for the Christmas feast we will spend it, as we have done before, in the purchase of old horses, many of which are being offered for sale at this time of the year. Careful investigation into our work for horses is welcomed.—Anne Harris Smith.

A Legend of Bethlehem

When Mary laid the Holy Child
Within His manger-bed,
A spider hung upon the wall
And wove her dusky thread;
But, pausing in her wonted task,
She hastened down to see
The Baby smiling in His crib,
Or throned on Mary's knee.

When Herod's soldiers, fierce and wild,
 Came to the hillside town,
 And many a babe in Bethlehem
 Had won a martyr's crown,
 The spider wove a curtain thick
 To shield the Child from harm;
 Behind its dusky screen He lay,
 Secure and safe and warm.

The soldiers searched the stable through,
 But found no Infant small;
 The thick gray cobwebs hid the crib
 Beside the rocky wall.
 And ever since the spider's blest
 In dwellings high and low,
 Because she saved the Holy Child
 In Bethlehem long ago.

—*The Animal World.*

The American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in New York publishes an excellent leaflet which should be helpful in many cities where humane education is carried on. The title of it is "How to Form a School Humane Society and How to Keep It Active."

Such co-operation with school teachers as this leaflet suggests would be most valuable in any city to further the cause of kindness to animals. Bands of Mercy are nothing but a name unless they are presided over by some adult who is deeply interested in the work and who will make of the Band something more than a name. Every child when asked will consent to be a member of a Band of Mercy, but they will forget the pledge in a very short time if the work is not kept constantly before them. It must be line upon line, precept upon precept, in order to do any real good.

We have received from the Women's Pennsylvania S. P. C. A. a very attractive report of their work for 1920. This society has a dispensary, a horse ambulance service, and it does an active work along humane educational lines. They conduct a branch work at the Annie L. Lowry Home for Small Animals, where sick and injured dogs are received, and where 330 dogs and 307 cats were taken during the year.

A New Bedford Episode

The tragic death of the dog so beloved in Fairhaven, which was shot by a police officer in New Bedford because he had no muzzle on, has had one good result. The Mayor of New Bedford, shocked by the information that seven dogs in his city had been summarily shot, issued an order that all unmuzzled dogs should be sent to the Animal Rescue League Kennels in that city, and unless they exhibited signs of rabies they must not be killed. Because of this hasty and cruel act the lives of many other dogs will be saved, and so, little Cognac's life was not given in vain.

"He saved others, himself he could not save."

Twelve years ago the President of the Animal Rescue League of Boston went, by special invitation, to New Bedford, and gave a talk urging upon her audience to start a society expressly for the care or rescue of lost, homeless and neglected animals. The seed fell on good ground. An Animal Rescue League was organized within the year, and since that time the good work has been going on. From time to time we have given a report of the work accomplished there.

As we have said before, the name "Animal Rescue League" was our own invention, and wherever that name is used we may take comfort in the thought that the work in that place was started through the influence and the advice of our Boston organization.

When a call for help to form a shelter comes within reasonable distance personal attention is given by a visit to the place; but when calls come to us, as they have from the Philippines, Italy, Montana, we can only respond by correspondence.

Would that we could be the means of starting in every city a shelter for suffering and neglected animals, and near every city a Home of Rest for weary horses. We are willing to admit that homes and shelters for women and children should come first, but we do not hesitate to say: "This ought ye to have done, but *not to leave the other undone.*"—A. H. S.

Sixty cents will give you this paper for a year.

A CHRISTMAS STORY

"The sun had sunk behind the hill, beyond yon dreary moor,

When wet and cold there came a boy, up to the farmer's door.

Can you tell me, said he, if any there be who would like to give employ?

I can plough, I can sow, I can reap, I can mow,
I can be a farmer's boy."

The Farmer's Boy

It was dark, and snowing, when James Fenton, after a weary walk, saw ahead of him the lighted windows of a house. He quickened his steps, saying to himself, "That must be the place. Oh I hope I haven't got to walk any farther tonight."

James had left his home before noon and had ridden several hours in the train. He did not expect anyone to meet him at the station, but the long, lonely walk had been almost too much for his courage, and tears were very near his eyes as he turned into the gate.

When he left home that morning his mother had said to him, "It is going to be hard for you, dear boy, but you must keep up your courage by thinking what a wonderful thing you are doing, a boy only twelve years old to leave his home and go to work to help his mother support the family. The money you are going to earn will keep us together until your father gets over that dreadful accident and is able to go to work again. I'm sorry you had to go before Christmas. It won't seem Christmas without you, but you can look for a little Christmas box from home. I hope the farmer and his wife are the kind of people that try to make a happy Christmas for everybody. Wherever we are, if we have the right Christmas spirit, we can do that. Now good-bye. Take for companions three good friends,—Patience, Courage and Kindness. Call on them when you need their help. They won't fail you."

James remembered these last words, and as he felt the snow driving in his face, beating his hands together to keep them warm, he said aloud, "Come, Patience and Courage, I need you."

His first timid knock at the door did not bring anyone. At a second louder knock the door opened and a woman stood there.

"Are you the boy sent to work here?" she asked. "Come right in. It is so late I had given you up."

Coming in out of the darkness the large kitchen looked quite bright and cheerful. Some children were clearing away a supper table, carrying away the dishes and putting them in the sink. The room seemed full of children; afterwards he found there were four, and a baby fastened in a high chair.

Mrs. Manser, the mother of the family, put a chair near the stove and said kindly, "You must be cold and tired. I'll have something hot for you in a minute."

This was a pleasant welcome for the homesick boy. Soon he was sitting at the table enjoying a hot supper. He had already noticed a cat, and the children were laughing at a little story he had told them about his own cat, when a stamping was heard and the back door was opened noisily to admit a man with a stern, unhappy face. The children stopped talking and the cat ran under the stove. James arose from the table to meet his new employer. To his polite, "How do you do, Mr. Manser," the man growled out, "I expected you this forenoon. What made you so late? It's a bad beginning to be late."

"There was no earlier train I could take," James replied, his face flushing at the man's disagreeable manner. Then he said to himself, "Patience," and quietly sat down to finish his supper.

"The boy walked up from the station in the snow and he was cold and tired when he got here," said Mrs. Manser.

"I've walked up from the station in the snow a good many times and didn't call it anything. I suppose he isn't too tired to come out and help me finish the milking after you've fed him. You can milk a cow, can't you? The man that wrote to me said you could."

"Yes sir," answered James, rising from the table. "I'll come right out."

"But you haven't finished your supper," said Mrs. Manser, looking at a piece of gingerbread left on his plate.

James did not stop. He glanced at Mrs. Manser and said, "I've had a good supper, thank you," and went out to the barn.

The barn was dimly lighted by a lantern. There was a long row of cow stalls, and the soft eyes of twenty cows looked at him curiously as he passed along behind his employer.

"I'll let you try your hand on this one," he said, "I've milked them all but two. They all ought to have been milked an hour ago. Tomorrow morning I'll tell you which you must take care of and see how many you can milk. There are four or five ugly beasts here; they'd rather kick over a pail of milk than to eat their supper, I believe; I leave them till the last. Now you begin on this one; she's all right."

James went into the cow's stall. He stroked her head, patted her gently, spoke to her kindly. "Don't waste time," said Mr. Manser, "fooling round her, but get to work!"

"I don't call it wasting time to get acquainted with a cow before I begin to milk her," answered James. "Cows are timid about strangers, and she will give down her milk much better if she gets acquainted with me and likes me."

"Nonsense!" said Mr. Manser. "Take your pail and get to work."

James gave a last gentle touch, rubbing the cow's neck, then sat down and began to milk.

"You go at it as if you were afraid of her," exclaimed Mr. Manser loudly. "Take hold as if you meant it."

"I'm not afraid of her," said James patiently but decidedly. "Please step away from her. You make her nervous. When I get through with her you can see by the amount of milk I get whether I know how to milk or not."

Mr. Manser looked very angry. He was going to bluster and say something ugly, then he looked at James' quiet, determined face and he could not help seeing how gently and carefully he handled the cow, so he stepped into the next stall and began to milk the cow he said was cross.

"No wonder she is nervous and cross," said James to himself, as he heard Mr. Manser shout at her. Once he even struck her. "I never can stand this. I shall ask him tomorrow to let me milk the cross cows."

It was not until he was going out of the barn that James heard two sounds which startled him. First, a soft whinny. "I didn't know you had a horse here," he said to Mr. Manser.

Mr. Manser held up his lantern and in a narrow stall, with no bedding or blanket, James saw a thin old horse turning his head and looking with sad, pleading eyes at them. "He wants his supper, or water, I suppose," said James. "Shall I attend to him?"

"He's got hay, and I gave him water when I got through hauling wood with him. He isn't worth his feed; he is an old beast that a horse trader cheated me into buying, and I paid fifteen dollars for him."

"That was hard on you, but harder on the horse," said James. "He probably had been well taken care of when he was younger and it must be terribly hard to be sold in his old age and have to work when he ought to rest. I pity old horses."

"I don't work him hard enough to hurt him and I've got to get my money's worth out of him somehow. You'd better pity me for being taken in—not that old beast."

James was stepping into the stall. He could not bear to pass by with those pleading eyes on him.

"His hay is pretty coarse. Perhaps his teeth are gone so he can't chew it. Old horses need soft food and cut-up hay."

"Come on in the house and don't stop to talk to me about the horse's teeth."

"Is there a dog lying there in that dark corner?" asked James. "I thought I heard a dog whine."

"Yes, it's a dog. You can stay here in the dark with the horse and dog if you want to," said Mr. Manser, walking off with the lantern.

James followed, but with a very heavy heart. The sad eyes of the old horse; the patient, pathetic whine of the dog; the shouts and the blow given to the useful cow, all worried him, and he asked himself, "What can I do? How can I bear it?" Then he seemed to hear his mother's voice saying, "Call on your friends, Courage, Patience, Kindness—they will show you the way," and he went into the house.

II

When Mr. Manser was alone with his wife that night he said, "That boy won't do. I would have sent him off tonight, I was so mad with him, but I can't get any help right off and I must get my apples and vegetables to market before Christmas. What did your uncle mean by sending a boy like that here to me?"

"What is the matter with him? Can't he milk?" asked Mrs. Manser.

"Yes, he can milk fast enough, but he undertook to tell me how I ought to treat the cows and feed the horse before he had been in the barn an hour."

"My uncle says he is a remarkably fine boy and understands all about farm work."

"Perhaps he does, but I won't have him telling me how to treat my own animals."

Mrs. Manser sighed, for she knew her husband did not treat his animals, or, in fact, his children or herself with kindness, and her own life was very sad on that account, but she was afraid of arousing his unpleasant temper, so said nothing more.

III

Mr. Manser was so busy the next day that he got home very late from the village, and as he put the horse in the barn he noticed that James was busy milking.

"I've got to eat," he said. "I didn't have time to get any dinner and I've been selling my vegetables all the afternoon. I'll be out and help you finish milking soon. You can leave the cross cows."

James said nothing. He had finished milking the cross cows, besides his own share, and he had had no trouble, for the cross cows were not vicious, they were only nervous, and needed very gentle handling. James gave them a little treat of some carrots and apples he had cut up before he began to milk them. He petted them, talked to them soothingly, and was very careful how he milked them. They did not attempt to kick, and gave down more milk than usual. He hurried to the old horse that was standing with his harness still on, wet, and shaking with cold and fatigue. He removed the harness and rubbed the wet body and tired legs with a piece of

sacking, then he found an old blanket with which he covered the horse.

He went into the kitchen with a pail to get some warm water to mix a good, warm supper for the shivering horse, but when he started to fill the pail Mr. Manser called out, "What's that? What do you want hot water for?"

"For the horse," answered James quietly. "He's pretty nearly ready to drop. An old horse can't stand what a young one can."

"You let that alone!" shouted Mr. Manser. "Give him his hay. I never coddle him and you shan't."

Then it was that James had to call on his friend Courage.

"Mr. Manser," he said, "I'm trying to save that horse's life. I wouldn't wonder if he died before morning if you put him in his stall wet and cold and hungry. He's half starved anyway. I told you so. Either you let me feed him, and the dog, too, or I leave you tomorrow. I can't stay here and see animals starving. You may not know it," James hurried on, for he saw that Mr. Manser was going to speak, "but you are getting an awful bad name, and you're giving your church a bad name. I heard a man say yesterday, 'Don't ask me to go to church! What good does it do? Look at Deacon Manser, starving his old horse and dog!' That's the way people are talking about you, but nobody dares to tell you of it." So said James, and before the astonished farmer could answer he walked out with his pail of hot water to the barn.

Mr. Manser was very angry. His children looked frightened; his wife turned pale, but she, also, called on Courage and Courage came to her to speak for the right.

"Be careful what you do, Thomas," she said, as he started for the door. "Don't do anything you'll be sorry for tomorrow. The boy is right. I've told you so before. If I hadn't gone out and fed the horse myself he'd have given out weeks ago, and the dog would have starved if I hadn't fed him, too. You will never get another boy like James, again—I can tell you that."

Meanwhile James went on with his work steadily, though he found he was trembling with excitement. Only a few months ago he had committed to memory Longfellow's verses:

"They are slaves who will not speak
For the fallen and the weak.
They are slaves who dare not be
In the right with two or three."

Poor old Billy had a supper such as he had not known since his thoughtless owners, saying he was "too good to kill," sent him up in the country to do "easy work," as they were told, on a farm—and then forgot him.

When Mr. Manser, still very angry, but, for the first time really afraid to give way to his temper, came out to the barn, James was just finishing milking the last cow and spoke so pleasantly to the angry man that Mr. Manser, who had never had anyone tell him the truth about himself to his face before, began to feel ashamed of himself.

"The milking is all done, Mr. Manser," said James, "and the cross cows behaved beautifully. I got two quarts extra tonight. I began early, because I thought you would be tired when you got home. Besides, I promised the children I would help them make plans for Christmas."

"We don't spend any time fussing about Christmas here," said Mr. Manser gruffly. "We go to church Christmas forenoon, and that's enough."

"But I'm sure you wouldn't mind if I get up a sort of Merry Christmas for the children and the animals, would you? We always have a beautiful time celebrating the Great Birthday at home."

"What birthday are you talking about? Is it your birthday?" growled Mr. Manser.

James stood still, perplexed. He looked up at Mr. Manser.

"Why—I always thought it was Jesus' birthday. I suppose we don't know, but we call it so, and all the churches celebrate it. In Father Ronan's church they have a little manger, because Jesus was born in a stable. You know that hymn?"

"Once in royal David's city
Stood a lowly cattle shed,
Where a mother laid her baby
In a manger for his bed.
Mary was that mother mild,
Jesus Christ her little child."

"He came down to earth from heaven,
Who is God and Lord of all,
And his shelter was a stable,
And his cradle was a stall.
With the poor, and mean, and lowly,
Lived on earth our Saviour holy."

"We don't have a manger made in our church, but my father always gives all our cattle a special treat and a happy day. We put apples and carrots and any nice things the animals like in the mangers, and we don't forget the dog or cat or birds. Then we give each other gifts. I suppose it is in memory of the Wise Men who came bringing gifts with them, don't you?"

The boy stood with his bright face upturned, looking earnestly at Mr. Manser. How could he be angry with such a boy? He was confused and ashamed that he had no reply ready—he, a deacon of the church!

"I don't know—perhaps so—I never thought much about Christmas," he said, turning and going out of the barn. James, seeing that all the animals were eating their supper and had a good bedding to lie on, followed close after, and the dog followed him.

IV

Mrs. Manser was sitting in the warm, pleasant kitchen, but she did not look happy. She was trying to hide from the children that she had been crying, but the children, excepting the baby, were all very quiet and looked as if they feared something. Only the baby, lying on the floor playing with his own little shoes—for the Manser children never had any playthings given them—seemed happy. When a heavy footfall was heard coming through the shed Mrs. Manser started and turned a face that was pale and full of fear toward the door. But her pale face flushed crimson and she could not speak a word when she saw her husband come quietly through the door and behind him, talking cheerfully about Christmas, James, with his hand on good old Scottie's head.

"We can do lots of things that won't cost much of anything," he was saying. "We can make molasses candy sticks and popcorn balls. Did you ever eat any molasses corn balls, Mr. Manser?" James was asking. And to Mrs. Man-



JAMES AND SCOTTIE

ser's great surprise her husband answered, though rather hesitatingly, "Yes, I believe I did once." Whereupon, the children, after a glance at their father's face, ran to him and cried, "Oh, father, when did you eat them—tell us all about it!"

Mrs. Manser had to run out of the room, for she found she must cry a little for very joy, and when in a few minutes she came back she almost broke down again, for she saw a sight she had never expected to see—her surly, ill-tempered husband sitting by the stove, the baby in his lap pulling at his whiskers, the three older children sitting on the floor, one little one leaning against his knee, and James at the table—paper and pencil before him. James looked up brightly as she came in and said as if it were quite an ordinary thing:

"Mr. Manser and I are planning a Christmas stable party and a house party, but of course we are all going to have secrets from each other, too. That's part of the fun."

"Oh, mother, mother," the children all cried together, "we're going to have a real Christmas and father is helping us! Isn't he good?"

Mr. Manser looked up at her with a half-ashamed expression, which ended in a smile making him look like such a different man that even old Scottie came over from the rug where he had settled himself doubtfully, evidently with fear of being turned out, and licked his hand, while the cat tried to jump on his lap beside the baby.

In the background, where no one but James could see them, stood James' three friends, the good spirits that had brought about this wonderful change in the Manser family: Courage, Patience and, the most powerful of all, Kindness.
—Anna Harris Smith.

A Sparrow's Petition

Consider, most respected man,
Thou seest the winter has begun;
The snow lies high, the winds are wild,
The small bird starves with wife and child.
So prithee now a thought to give
To how the little sparrows live,
And scatter from thy bounteous hoard
Enough to spread our little board.

Each crumb we take with thankful heart,
And are with twitterings and with song
Most well disposed to do our part
When comes the lovely summer time.
Deputed by the winged choir,
I plead our cause in humble wise;
Now of thy pity be not narrow—
Believe me thy most faithful sparrow.

—Richard S. Cabanis.

Consideration for Animals

"If people weren't so mean to their horses, I should enjoy living in the country," was the remark made by a city woman, whose husband had been forced, by failing health, to live on a farm. "In town," she went on, "if a man abuses an animal he is arrested, but in the country there seems to be no protection for the poor brute with a cruel master."

She spoke the truth, for no one likes "to get in bad," with a neighbor for the sake of a dumb beast, so they keep silent when they should speak. The result of this is that kicks and blows, starvation rations, scarcity of water, and merciless beatings when the poor creatures are straining every sinew to pull a heavy load are common events in the country.

One man in our vicinity used to run his horses uphill, pulling a loaded wagon, and not even stop to rest them when they reached the top. He lost

three good horses, one winter. The neighbors thought it served him right, but he bewailed his "hard luck." Yet, it is possible that he had never been taught how to treat horses, and did not realize that he was cruel.

One often sees supposedly kind, tender-hearted women ride or drive a horse almost to death, because they do not know what a beast can stand. Cruelty to animals is not always due to hard-heartedness, but, frequently, is the result of carelessness and ignorance.

Parents, teachers, and guardians, especially those who live in the country, should teach the children, by precept and example, to be kind to dumb animals who cannot voice their own wrongs. I do not mean perfunctory instruction, but give them an interest in their fourfooted companions; show them how animals, like people, differ in character, even though they may be of the same species; some are aggressive, some peaceful, some selfish, others unselfish, some nervous, etc.

Most country boys know that stock should be watered and fed, and how to do it, and—hate the work. Doing chores is a bugbear for many young people, but the labor can be lightened if the children's imaginations have been awakened and stimulated.

We have two horses, a mother and a four-year-old colt, that always stand together in the barn when they are fed. They are as gentle as kittens, but would probably pull back, kick, and raise a terrible fracas if they were separated. Pickles, the colt, idolizes his mother and she returns his affection, and if they were paired off with other horses, they would surely voice their objections in the only way possible to dumb brutes.

We drew the attention of the children to Pickles' filial affection until they were as interested in him as though he were a person. When he was a yearling, nothing could keep him away from his mother. If we hitched her to a wagon, and drove to town, five or six miles away, sooner or later we would see Pickles following, although he might have to jump gates and four wire fences to do it. He could also open the barn door unless it were fastened very securely. He followed his mother to the field on the hottest days, and kept

close at her heels, and made himself a nuisance; still we understood and respected his feelings, then, and now he is one of the best and most intelligent horses we own. He stopped following the plough when he was two years old. His mother had another colt, and we feared Pickles would be jealous, but he immediately assumed the rôle of elder brother, and stayed and protected his little sister in the pasture while his mother was ploughing or doing other work.

How they would rush to meet her, though, at night, when she was free to join them! We would all watch the family reunion, and resolve each day to get a deeper insight into the ways and needs of our stock. It pays in every way; broadens the mind, enlarges the heart, and enriches the pocketbook. Once you have entered the animal world, you are a new being, and it is a great pity that more children are not introduced into its pleasures and privileges.

"And the beasts of the field shall be at peace with thee," is one of the blessings promised the righteous, and it is not the least of them. Happy is the man or woman who has been taught from infancy to love and study animals, and, in exploring their wonderful world, has won their trust and confidence.—L. M. Weston, Acushnet, Montana.

A Legend of Christmas Night

'Tis said when day is over,
And midnight shadows fall,
On Christmas Eve the cattle
Kneel humbly in the stall;
They bow in loving homage
Before the manger low,
Because the Blessed Christ-Child
Was there laid long ago.

And when the hour of midnight
Chimes forth from many a bell,
The glad notes ringing sweetly
O'er hill, and plain, and fell,
For one brief hour, 'tis whispered,
The beast like men can speak,
That they may join in praising
The Babe and Mother meek.

The donkey, scorned, ill-treated,
 Though marked with Holy Sign,
 Kneels down amid the darkness
 To hail the Child Divine;
 For he, like kine and horses,
 Was in that cattle-stall,
 The birthplace of the Saviour—
 The King and Lord of all!

The sheep upon the hillsides
 Turn eastward, kneeling low,
 In memory of the Angels
 At Bethlehem long ago;
 And shepherds by the sheep-fold
 First heard the wondrous song—
 The earliest Christmas carol,
 Hymned by the heavenly throng.
 —Maud E. Sargent.



THEODORE AND HIS RESCUED PETS

LEAGUE NEWS AND NOTES

During the month of August the League received 1,885 cats, 377 dogs, 102 horses, and 70 smaller animals. We placed 79 dogs and 49 cats in good homes.

A year ago a little poodle was given up to us because he was afflicted with fits. Theodore Sanders, our head kennel man, who has been with us now for about twenty years, or almost

since the beginning of the League, brought him to me to look at, and said if I was willing he would like to take him home himself, and give him a bath, which he greatly needed, and get the fleas out of him, as he had evidently been much neglected.

I gave my consent and he was taken to the Sanders home, where everyone loves him. He entirely recovered from fits, and is now permanently established in as happy a home as a little dog could possibly have. He is great friends with Pinkie, the cat. They play together like two puppies. The cat has a habit of hiding and watching for the dog to get near, then he jumps out at him, just touching him with his paw, and then runs away as if he were trying to play tag. The dog seems very much amused by this game.

The cat, also taken from the League, Mr. Sanders tells us, is a wonderfully fine animal. He is like a watchdog, and protects the hens from any strange dogs or cats that come into the yard, actually chasing them away without the slightest fear. He seems to feel that the hens are his special charge.

The dog not only sits up and begs, but walks on his hind legs when he happens to be in the mood. He is always impatient for his turn to be put to bed. He watches the children get ready and while they are saying their prayers he sits beside them with his paws on the bed, and as soon as they say Amen he is the first to jump into bed.

This is only when the family are all at home however, for when anyone is out he watches the door until that member of the family returns. All of a sudden he gives one or two short barks, no more, but in this way the rest of the family know that the missing one is returning. Mr. Sanders thinks this is specially remarkable, as when he first barks the one who is coming is at the foot of the hill across a field, at least five minutes' walk from the house, and as the dog is not at any window, so cannot see the returning member, it seems rather a singular fact that he is able to announce the coming long before the arrival.

The cat has a way of crossing the field and waiting for absent members of the family, following them like a dog when they return.—A. H. S.

A dog that went from the Animal Rescue League was the means of saving the lives of two children in whose home he had been adopted. The children and the dog had been out playing after a big storm. They were on their way home. Just across the other side of the street they were crossing was a gutter, where water was flowing, and into which an electric wire had fallen. The children were going to cross at this spot, where they would very likely have stepped on the wire in getting across the gutter. The dog ran ahead of them, stepping on the wire, and was instantly killed. The tragedy prevented the children from crossing at that point. Surely this League dog did not give his life in vain!

A woman came in one day bringing a handsome tiger cat, with double paws, that she saw deliberately thrown out in the Public Gardens. The woman who did this criminal act was walking so far ahead of her that she could not stop her, and as soon as the cat was dropped the woman hurried away, looking back to see that the poor little creature was not following her. It happened that we had just had an application for a tiger male cat, and therefore we were able to place this abandoned little one at once.

So far, no one has been fined for deserting a dog or a cat, although it is against the law, and the party doing it is subject to a fine of not less than fifty dollars, but such people are very cunning about what they do.

It is a great pity that the law against deserting cats and dogs and the law against stealing them is seldom or never enforced, and it is the fault somewhat of those people who do not take pains enough to follow up the cases, or who are afraid to give their testimony in court against the persons doing it.

We are now sending to the beaches to pick up the cats left behind by a low class of cottagers who do this abominable act of keeping cats and kittens for their own use or pleasure at the beaches, during the summer, leaving them behind when they return to the city. It seems to me no thinking man or woman would be guilty of such a crime.

Our agents got 55 cats in one day in Hull and Weymouth. We shall continue to send until we can be reasonably sure there are no cats left to suffer starvation. Some of the winter residents are very kind in feeding these poor deserted cats, and, if by any chance they escape our agents' search, we hope that we shall be notified by these kind people who occupy the cottages during the winter time.

A report of work done at the beaches has been handed me by our agent, Frank Curtin, who began to make his trips October 3. The report ends November 5.

During this time he visited the following beaches, going to some of them every week: Nantasket, Quincy, Norfolk Downs, Hough's Neck, East Weymouth, Kenberma, Hull, Bay-side, Wollaston, South Weymouth, Revere, Beachmont and Winthrop. From these visits he secured 387 cats and 14 dogs; 253 of the cats and 2 of the dogs were females.

It may be asked why it is that so many animals are deserted every year. The Massachusetts S. P. C. A., we are told, puts up posters giving the law against abandoning animals. The Animal Rescue League sends out leaflets to school teachers and gives stories to children to try to educate the people, but these attempts to prevent the cruel act seem to make but little difference. The fact is that most of our near beaches are lined with little cottages which are inhabited largely by a foreign population. The fathers and mothers have never been educated to consider for a moment the comfort of the lower animals. The children get no instruction at home and very little in schools. The churches would consider a sermon on thoughtful kindness to the lower animals as quite beneath their notice. So it goes on. Cats breed often, and kittens are given away right and left, or turned out to try to steal a living. Then—which is one of the saddest features of this cruelty—there are men and women who are intelligent, educated and supposedly humane, who will not put any animal to death. They will let the animal suffer

and even starve to death rather than to kill it or send it to be killed. They will throw out a bit of food just to keep it alive to suffer, and winter comes on, and finally the poor creature disappears. Do these mistakenly humane men and women ever wonder how it died, or where, or how long it was dying?

So the tale goes on—and the Animal Rescue League works literally night and day to remedy the neglect, indifference and cruelty of mankind and womankind.—A. H. S.

We have many calls to get cats out of trees. A very kind boy, Harold Landry, who lives in Dorchester, helped our agent, John Finlayson, get a cat out of a tree. He went with our agent to get a ladder and held it while the agent got the cat, then helped to carry the ladder to its owner. Another boy who has shown helpfulness in our work is John Brabant of South Boston. When going home from school he discovered a sick cat sitting on the sidewalk. He did not wait to go home, but brought the cat to the League, walking all the way. When he was commended for doing this he replied, "I couldn't leave the poor cat out to starve this cold day." The cat was almost blind with mange.

We have many interesting letters and post cards from foreigners. One which was received from a Chinese quarter of the city was as follows:

"Come gat the catens—a-way Soon Please.

"Kwong Hong Sing,

"19-21 Tyler St.,

"Boston, Mass."

It is a great comfort to observe how many of the laboring people, and the poorer classes of men and women in the city, both native and foreign, have found out about the Animal Rescue League, and are kind-hearted enough to bring animals to us, or send for us to get them. In the above case the man had two kittens that he had found needing attention.

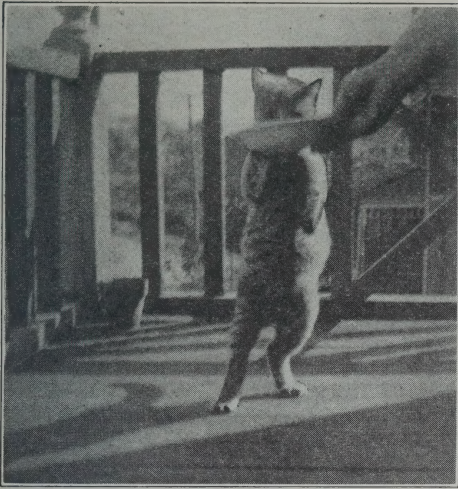
Three little boys walked all the way from Charlestown one rainy day, recently, bringing a poor little kitten they had picked up.

The Charlestown police sent us a dog that had been wandering around City Square for some time without a hair on her. She was raw all over and was a terrible sight. She must have been in this condition for a number of days, and one can hardly imagine what suffering she had endured. Of course the poor creature was at once given the blessed release.

We have had some very handsome and healthy dogs brought to us. We placed a beautiful Collie in the hands of a family who were going to New Hampshire recently. Something in the chain of the Collie broke when they got the dog to the North Station and he escaped. Mrs. McCulloch, one of our resident agents, was looking out the window on Carver Street and heard a dog bark across the street. She is acquainted with every dog's voice in the neighborhood, and recognized this as a strange voice; she looked out and saw a fine looking collie sitting on the opposite sidewalk looking over at the League, barking. She went out, and although the dog was a little difficult to approach she succeeded in getting him, and led him into the headquarters. It was then discovered that this was the dog that the man had taken to the North Station and who had escaped. He had been intelligent enough to come back to the home from which he had been taken. This shows that our dogs are so well treated they do not want to leave us.

I enclose one picture, which will show you that our little pet we got from you is not starving, by any means. We have recently found that he requires quite a lot of water, so now a glass all his own is always ready for him to go to at any time. Not once has he known any harsh treatment, and the result is a trustful confidence that he will always be treated in the right way. The strongest psychology of the feline tribe is their love of sympathetic human society, and in this particular Beauty is coming strong. When humans understand the comradeship of the unseen spirit and walk therein, the dumb creatures will rise in the scale with us.

Your little magazine which was given to me when I was at 51 Carver Street last week inter-



ests me greatly. My mother, who is 81 years old, wrote me from another state saying that the woods are full of hunters. How little they realize the sensitiveness of the dumb creatures and how often we are wondering whether these creatures are not more finely organized than humans. Our little boy seems so dependent upon us for his food and his comfort that a great feeling of pity surges over us as we try to understand him and his needs. I try to look behind those big brown eyes, so trustful, so questioning and so open and free from fear; but a secret lies hidden there which we humans cannot penetrate, and this makes the wonder of the animal world. But the language of loving service is quickly understood by them, and their response to love pays for the small amount of food which they consume.

One thing that has stood out more strongly to my own mind than another is a sense of high appreciation for the work of the Animal Rescue League. We gave two dollars when we adopted Beauty, and one dollar when we went in last week. As we can we will keep the institution in mind for such help as we are able to give. Let me assure you that every possible thing within our minds for the comfort of our dear adopted pet and companion will be done so as to make his life the happiest of all the feline tribe. My wife loves him even more than I do, and he never makes his appeals in vain. Plenty of food, warmth and kindness are ever ready for him. He is under the stove now, stretched his full

length, asleep, and as happy as he can be. He is a regular chum, and no mistake, and we take a great deal of comfort with him. The enclosed snapshot is not doing him justice, but it is the best we can do at the present time.—W. S. P.

A member in New York sends the following verses. She, like many other members of humane societies, is doing all she can for suffering animals, giving time and money to lessen their suffering. It is a comfort to know that all over the world we find men and women who do not consider it beneath them to minister to even the lowest of our fourfooted friends.

Compensation.

Here's a pussy for you, Missis,
That I saw upon the street.
I suppose they give you money
For the ones you do not keep.

An' I got a little mongrel,
But he's very thin and poor.
Do you think that you could sell him
If I leave him at your door?

There's a lame horse, limping badly,
Can you tell them what to do?
He is bleeding at the knee-joint,
An' I think he's lost a shoe.

Will you take this tiny sparrow
That has fallen out the tree?
He will surely be run over,
For his wing is broke I see.

Well, the work you do is splendid,
But your salary must be great.
I can get a lot of kittens,
And will bring them to your gate.

What, you say you don't make money
For the things you do each day?
That you help all these dumb creatures,
And their love is all your pay?

Why the neighbors say you're wealthy;
That you're paid for what you do.
And yer do this all fer nothin'?
Gee, I can't believe it's true!

—Harriet R. Greenland.



A CHRISTMAS TREE FOR THE BIRDS, AT PINE RIDGE HOME OF REST FOR HORSES

Christmas Work

Donations for the Horses' Christmas may be sent to Mrs. Huntington Smith, 51 Carver Street, Boston, any time before Christmas Day and will be gratefully acknowledged. The League fed 2,500 horses last year in Boston and suburbs and in adjoining cities. We would like to prepare 3,000 bags of feed this year—we can use them all.

One of our agents, Mrs. Bates, goes out into the alleys and byways Christmas Eve and leaves canned salmon and army beef for homeless cats and dogs that may be wandering about hungry and forlorn. The pigeons on the Common are fed every day by our agent, Mr. Stanley, but will have a double share on Christmas, in which feast the squirrels and sparrows will join.

Subject for Composition

What can I do to give a happy Christmas to my dog, my cat, my horse, our cows or sheep? Can I plan some Christmas pleasure or special comfort for them?

How can I help the homeless and neglected animals?

Do I ever think that all animals need water as well as food?

BRANCH WORK

Margaret C. Starbuck

The number of animals cared for in October at 109 Northampton Street was 68. This Receiving Station is at the Work Horse Relief Hospital, which has been enlarged, and the cages have been improved, admitting more light and air. This place is always comfortable, perfectly clean and sanitary, and is one of our best stations. I ordered soap and chloroform, which was all that was needed.

At the Station in Roxbury, 19 Lambert Street, 142 animals were received. Everything was in good condition considering the large amount of work which is done there. Mrs. Moog is in charge, and is going to send us the name of the boy who rescued the large number of miserable cats in that part of Roxbury during his vacation. We are fortunate in that part of Roxbury in having teachers who take a deep interest in our work, encouraging the children to bring animals to us. In the Lucretia Crocker School the teachers exert a splendid influence over the children in teaching them kindness, and in rescuing the animals.

At the Cambridge Neighborhood House 42 animals were taken. The cages are now placed inside for the winter, but in summer they are kept out in the yards. Sawdust and sulpho naphthol were supplied.

At North Bennett Street 36 animals were received, and everything was in fine condition. A good deal of literature was given out to children.

Stories and leaflets on the care of animals are given to those Branches where we know they will be used to advantage. At our headquarters such helpful literature is given out from the desk every day.

At Pine Ridge Home of Rest eight horses have been received in addition to the older pensioners. At our Medfield Branch we have three horses and expect to receive more soon.



Give Us
Old Grist Mill Dog Bread
IT IS BETTER THAN BEEF
 Keeps Them Healthy—
 Breath Sweet and Clean

Cemetery for Small Animals

at Pine Ridge, Dedham, Mass., under the management of the Animal Rescue League. The charge for privilege of burial in individual lots is from \$12 up, according to location.

CREMATION

The League now has a crematory where small animals can be cremated. The ashes are delivered to owners or buried at Pine Ridge. The charge for each cremation is \$6. Arrangements for burials or cremations must be made at the headquarters of the Animal Rescue League, 51 Carver Street, Boston. Telephone Beach 244.

DOGS AND CATS BOARDED

Individual Care. New Large Runs. Established 11 years.

MRS. NICHOLAS BROWNE, Jr.

DALE STREET, DEDHAM, MASS.

Telephone Dedham 209-J

Always ask for

SPRATT'S DOG FOODS



"The Backbone of the present Canine Race"

*Write for samples and send 2-cent stamp
 for catalogue "Dog Culture"*

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FREE CLINIC FOR ALL ANIMALS

FRANK J. SULLIVAN, M. D. V.

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51 CARVER
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Telephone
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Office Hours:
 11 a. m. to 6 p. m., daily

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2326 and 2328 Washington St., adjoining Dudley Street
 Elevated Station.

Funeral, Cemetery, Cremation and Transfer Arrangements.
 Chapel. Extensive salesrooms. City and Out-of-Town
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The Automatic Electric Cage

*The Standard Scientific Method for the Humane,
 Painless and Sanitary Destruction of Animals*

Commended by the highest authorities. Now used by over thirty
 leading humane societies in this and foreign countries.

For full particulars address

The Animal Rescue League

51 Carver Street

Boston, Mass.

The Animal Rescue League

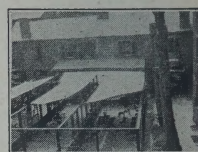
Organized February 9, 1899

[A wholly independent organization, having no connection with any other humane society in Massachusetts]

Incorporated March 13, 1899



Administration Building, Kennels, Infirmary,
Receiving Station and Crematory
for Small Animals
51 CARVER STREET, BOSTON



Branch Receiving Stations

ROXBURY	19 LAMBERT AVENUE
NORTH END, INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL	39 NORTH BENNET STREET
SOUTH END	109 NORTHAMPTON STREET
CAMBRIDGE, NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSE	79 MOORE STREET
STONEHAM	51 MARBLE STREET
EAST BOSTON, COMMUNITY HOUSE	79 MARION STREET
MEDFIELD	BARTLETT-ANGELL HOME FOR ANIMALS

Animals received in 1920	48,289
Animals brought in by visitors	10,200
Copies of humane literature distributed	59,250



FOUR MOTOR COLLECTING VANS AND EIGHT AGENTS
are at work every week day collecting animals.

Number of calls made in 1920	25,261
Number of animals collected	38,086

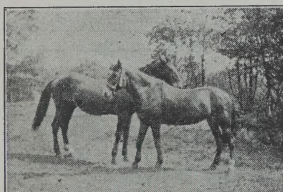
A Free Clinic for Animals

has been maintained for 20 years in charge of the League
Veterinarian **Dr. Frank J. Sullivan.**

Number of cases of small animals treated in 1920	17,775
Number of pedlers' and cabmen's horses treated, 1920	475
Number of horses humanely killed, 1920	664
Number of horses given vacations	36

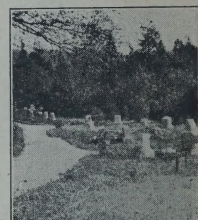


PINE RIDGE COUNTRY ANNEX AND HOME OF REST FOR HORSES
238 Pine Street, Dedham



A farm of twenty-one acres, where horses belonging to owners who cannot afford to pay for board and care, are given vacations of from two to six weeks and restored to condition for work, or humanely killed, also a few boarders received.

PINE RIDGE CEMETERY FOR SMALL ANIMALS
238 Pine Street, Dedham
Arrangements made for burials at 51 Carver Street



For maintaining this work which is constantly increasing, and extends over a wide area into suburban towns and cities, the League, knowing it is a great public benefit from a sanitary as well as humane point of view, appeals for gifts, bequests and members, which are greatly needed.

The Animal Rescue League 51 Carver Street, Boston

MRS. HUNTINGTON SMITH, President
MR. FREDERICK J. BRADLEE, Treasurer

MRS. ARTHUR T. CABOT, Secretary